
INFAMOUS FUNNIES
#1
$1.50
MOORELL 1/73

THRILLS! EXCITEMENT! BAD TASTE!

More cheap sensationalism from the makers of
GORY STORIES QUARTERLY & **TRUE SHOCK CONFESSIONS**

"I JOINED A...

HIPPY LOVE-CULT

AND BECAME A DERANGED KILLER MANIAC ON THE STREETS OF SAN DIEGO!!!"

REVEALED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME!! YEP--IT'S **ALL TRUE!!**



THE LEADER:
HARVEY O'LEARY
...LOOK-ALIKE OF JESUS CHRIST OR CHARLES MANSON, I DON'T REMEMBER WHICH. --WOULD YOU LET THIS MAN KILL YOU?!! FIND OUT THE ANSWER TO THIS VITAL QUESTION!!

Read all about the...

- **BIZARRE, RITUAL MURDERS!**
- **ALL-NIGHT ORGIES!**
- **DRUG-CRAZED FIENDS!**
- **NYMPHOMANIAC TRANSVESTITES!**
- **CLAUSTROPHOBIACS!**
- **MARKINGS ON THE WALLS!**

and thousands of other thrilling, evil perversions!

Read of the apartment, a shameful den of iniquity!!! ...What was the secret behind the locked door? How many people really lived there? Did the downstairs neighbors ever complain? And what about the jukebox with a mind of its own? Why are we asking all these silly questions? You'll find out...as you read

GORY STORIES QUARTERLY!!

9-21-71

INFAMOUS FUNNIES

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CREDITS FOR THE WORK IN THIS ISSUE:

GERRY MOONEY did the cover, with some help on the color work by Dave Weiss.

JOHN POUND is represented as generously as possible. His work in this issue includes **"HIPPY LOVE CULT," CANINE CAPERS,** E.B.S. (which originally appeared in Train of Thought and is used with permission), and some other pages. As usual, he seldom signs his work.

DAVID WEISS did the color separations for our center-spread as well as the three **"PROPHET"** pages.

VINCENT MARCHESANO'S work includes **"THE KINDNESS OF MARICATI,"** which was written by a real old timer in the fantasy field — **ARTHUR J. BURKS.** This is the first appearance of this story in graphic form.

CHARLES MOMBERGER has a fantasy folio, which is pretty well explained in the proper place.

DAVID COULSON and **JOE BENINTENDE** are two young San Diego artists. This is their first time in print. Not so for **LARRY RIPPE.** Ripp was released by the **SAN FRANCISCO COMIC BOOK COMPANY** long enough to do these pages for us. We understand that he is now back in bondage.

ED ROMERO did the maze, so blame him.

THE LETTER TO THE EDITOR — some weird kid.

ALL IN ALL — A TRULY SPECTACULAR ISSUE.

FANTASY HOUSE

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THE BRAIN
WHAT SECRET LURKS BEHIND THIS SEEPING, SEETHING, PUTRID PULSATING PACKAGE OF PICKLED PUKE KNOWN ONLY AS... .....
RIPP©1972 MAY-
TH' DOCTOR WORKS LATE EACH NITE CHECKING CHARTS AND BRUISING BUTTONS-
WHILE OUR DEMENTED DOCTOR DROOLS OVER DUSTY DOCUMENTS OF DARK DEMONS —
YUK!
CURSE OF KADOO MAHADA BY MADOO KAHADA
LITTLE DOES HE SUSPECT WHAT IS HAPPENING BEHIND HIM!
NNNGH! UNNG
LA-DEE
ISPLUSH!!
HUBBA HUBBA!!
UNNG UNNG GHN UNN
SPLISZ
SLUSH
SPLISH
TH' SICKENING SLUSH OF BRAIN SAUCE SLIPS ACROSS TH' SHINNY SURFACE OF TH' DOC'S DESK! SILENTLY APPROACHING IT'S UNSUSPECTING VICTIM!
HOO HAH!
HUNN GHNN
TH' CREEPING CEREBELLUM CRAWLS QUIETLY CLOSE TO TH' PREOCCUPIED PROFESSOR-
SPA FON!?
LIFTING A LIQUIDY TENACLE OF TERROR — IT PREPARES TO PULVERIZE THE OL' POOP!
GRRR
HOWEVER- THE CLEVER CHEMIST TURNS ABOUT SUDDENLY — HAMMER IN HAND- HE HACKS AT THE HATEFUL HEAP!
YIPE!
BASHING THE BLOODY HELL OUT OF IT!
AIEEE!
HE KNEW FROM THE START, THE STICKY STUPE WAS THERE —!
END



BOKAI, THE OLD WIFE OF **MARACATI**, CHIEF OF A **MUNDURUCU MALOCA** IN CENTRAL BRAZIL BEGAN LAUGHING THE DAY **MARACATI** DIED. FOR FIFTY YEARS NONE HAD HEARD HER LAUGH. WITH HIS **DEATH** SHE COULD NOT STOP...

DAY AND **NIGHT** SHE LAUGHED. THE SCORES OF **MUNDURUCU** INDIANS WHO LIVED IN THE **MALOCA** MADE STRANGE SIGNS TO WARD OFF **EVIL** WHEN THEY WALKED NEAR THE **ANCIENT** HUT, LARGEST IN THE LIVING PLACE, THAT **MARACATI** HAD LEFT HER ON HIS **DEATH**...

STORY by ARTHUR J. BURKS
ILLUSTRATIONS by VINCENT MARCHESANO '72



BUT ONLY **BOKAI** HERSELF KNEW WHY SHE LAUGHED. AND NONE BUT **BOKAI** KNEW WHAT LAY UNDER THE **FLOOR** OF THE **ANCIENT** HUT, OR THE **JEST** WHICH CAUSED HER TO **LAUGH** SO SHE COULD NOT STOP. **MARACATI**, HER, HUSBAND, HAD A **REPUTATION** FOR **KINDNESS**...



The KINDNESS of MARACATI

FIFTY YEARS BEFORE, THE GREATNESS OF MARACATI'S KINDNESS BEGAN. IT BEGAN WITH CARU, THE PHILANDERER, CAME TO ARA FROM SANTAREM, WHERE HE HAD LEARNED SOME OF THE WAYS OF THE 'CIVILIZED', ESPECIALLY THEIR WAYS WITH WOMEN. AMONG THE MUNDURUCU NO HUSBAND OR WIFE WAS UNFAITHFUL, ON PAIN OF DREADFUL PUNISHMENT — PUNISHMENT WHICH SLEW THE GUILTY MAN AND MADE THE GUILTY WOMAN WISH HERSELF DEAD, WHEN SHE KNEW SHE COULD NOT DIE ...



HAD ANYONE SEEN THE PASSAGE OF EYES, THE SECRET THOUGHTS. IF ANY HAD, THAT ONE MUST IN ALL DECENCY REPORT TO MARACATI ...

BUT DAYS PASSED AND THERE WAS NO SUCH REPORT. MARACATI WENT TO A DISTANT MALOCA. AS BOKAI LABOURED IN A MANDIOCA FIELD, CARU APPEARED AND SPOKE HER FOR THE FIRST TIME ...

COME TO ME AT THE ROCKS OF THE EAGLES, TONIGHT. WE DIE, WITHOUT EACH OTHER SLOWLY!

SHE DID NOT GO; SHE WAS AFRAID BUT CURIOUSITY, AND VANITY WELLED UP IN BOKAI: CARU CAME...

...THE NEXT DAY BUT STILL SHE DID NOT GO. AND THE NEXT TIME COULD BE FAR DISTANT, FOR MARACATI RETURNED...

HE TOLD HER OF HIS **TRAVELS**, SO THAT SHE KNEW HE HAD BEEN AWAY, NOT **SPYING** ON HER. **SHE** AND **CARU** COULD HAVE HAD THEIR **RENDEZ-VOUS** WITHOUT **DANGER**...

THAT DAY THOUGH **MARACATI** WAS HOME, **CARU** AGAIN APPEARED AT THE EDGE OF THE FIELD...

TONIGHT **BOKAI**. **MARACATI** WILL BE VERY **TIRED** FROM HIS **JOURNEY**. HE WILL SLEEP MOST SOUNDLY!

THAT VERY NIGHT, WHEN THE **URURUS**, RED HOWLER MONKEYS, HAD SALUTED **MIDNIGHT**, BOKAI, WHO HAD NOT SLEPT AT ALL, LISTENED TO THE SLEEP-BREATHING OF **MARACATI**...

STRANGE, THAT EVEN AFTER THREE DAYS APART FROM ME, **MARACATI** HAS NOT TAKEN ME...

...INTO THE FIELD FOR A WELCOME-HOME **MATING**, AS HE ALWAYS HAS...

...BUT PERHAPS HE HAS HAD SOME WOMAN IN SOME OTHER **MALOCA**!

NO SOONER THE **THOUGHT** THAN SHE **BELIEVED** IT; IT JUSTIFIED HER, THOUGH IF SHE WERE TO BE **CAUGHT** THE **PUNISHMENT** WOULD BE THE SAME. THE **MAL-OCA** SLEPT AS SHE HURRIED THROUGH THE **MANDIOCA** INTO THE JUNGLE TRAIL WHICH LED TO THE **ROCKS** OF THE **EAGLES** IN A JUNGLE BORDERED CLEARING...









BOKAI, COULD NEVER HAVE BEEN **CARU'S** FIRST, NOR SECOND, NOR **TENTH**. HE LEARNED FROM MANY **FOREIGN** WOMEN, JUST AS SHE HAD HEARD. HE WAS A **PHILANDERER**. IT WAS AMAZING, THAT THE **MUNDURUCU** HAD NOT **BASHED** OUT HIS **BRAINS** WHILE HE SLEPT. BUT **CARU** WAS TOO CLEVER, TOO CUNNING. **BOKAI** GAVE HERSELF AND **CARU** GAVE HIMSELF . . .




I AM AFRAID! I MUST GO!
I SHALL STAY HERE, UNTIL THE STARS WANE AND THE MOON HAS GONE OUT, DREAMING OF WHEN WE WILL BE TOGETHER AGAIN!
NO, NOT AGAIN EVER!..
IF THE DEMONS OF THE FORESTS BUT LET ME LIVE...
HE WAS AWAKE. HOW LONG HAD HE AWAITED HER? HE SAID NOTHING. HE ROSE AND LEFT THE HUT. HE VANISHED THROUGH THE MANDIOCA FIELD IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ROCKS OF EAGLES. IF HE RETURNED WITH CARU ON HIS BACK, THE VILLAGE WOULD BE ROUSED, FIRE WOULD BE BUILT AND BOKAI WOULD BE PUNISHED IN THE MUNDURUCU TRADITION...
SHE WAS LYING IN HER SLEEPING PLACE, BACK IN MARACATI'S HUT WHEN SHE BECAME AWARE THAT HE DIDN'T SLEEP-BREATHE...
SHE WAS NUMB...
5

MARACATI BROUGHT IN A BURNING EMBER TO SHOW WHAT HE HAD DONE TO **CARU**, BESIDES **SLAYING** HIM, BUT HE NEVER SAID A WORD. HE NEVER **SPOKE** TO HER AGAIN...









SHE WAS A **WOMAN**, THEREFORE THE **TASK** OF DIGGING THE **GRAVE** IN THE FLOOR WAS HERS. SHE DUG IT HURRIEDLY, THAT IT MIGHT BE DONE BY MORNING. BUT **MARACATI** DID NOT ROUSE THE **MALOCA**. SHE THOUGHT THAT HE WAS MERELY PUTTING IT OFF. SHE DID NOT, THEN, FULLY REALIZE HIS **KINDNESS**. SHE BURIED HER **MUTILATED LOVER** AND **MARACATI** HELPED HER LEVEL OFF THE GROUND ABOVE HIM...



MARACATI NEVER TOLD THE **TRIBE**, NOR WERE ANY QUESTIONS EVER ASKED AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF **CARU**. MAYBE ALL THE VILLAGE KNEW; BUT NO, THEY ALWAYS SPOKE TO HER, AND NONE WOULD HAVE, HAD HER **INFIDELITY** BEEN KNOW TO THE PEOPLE OF THE TRIBE...

MARACATI DID NOT TOUCH BOKAI, UNTIL MORE THAN A YEAR AFTER HER RENDEZVOUS AT THE ROCKS OF EAGLES. THEN HE TOOK HER SAVAGELY, AS A GREAT JAGUAR CAT TAKES ITS MATE; AND SHE BORE HIM A SON BUT NEVER A WORD WAS SPOKEN. SOON AFTER THE SON'S BIRTH HE TOOK BOKAI AGAIN IN TWENTY YEARS SHE BORE H.M FIFTEEN SONS AND DAUGHTERS, ALL MIGHTY HUNTERS AND FARINHA MAKERS. BUT NOT ONCE D D MARACATI SAY ANYTHING TO BOKAI, NOR SHE ANYTHING TO HIM, NOR DID EITHER EVER LAUGH. CARU WAS ALWAYS JUST OUT OF SIGHT UNDER THE FLOOR, WHERE HE WAS BURIED.

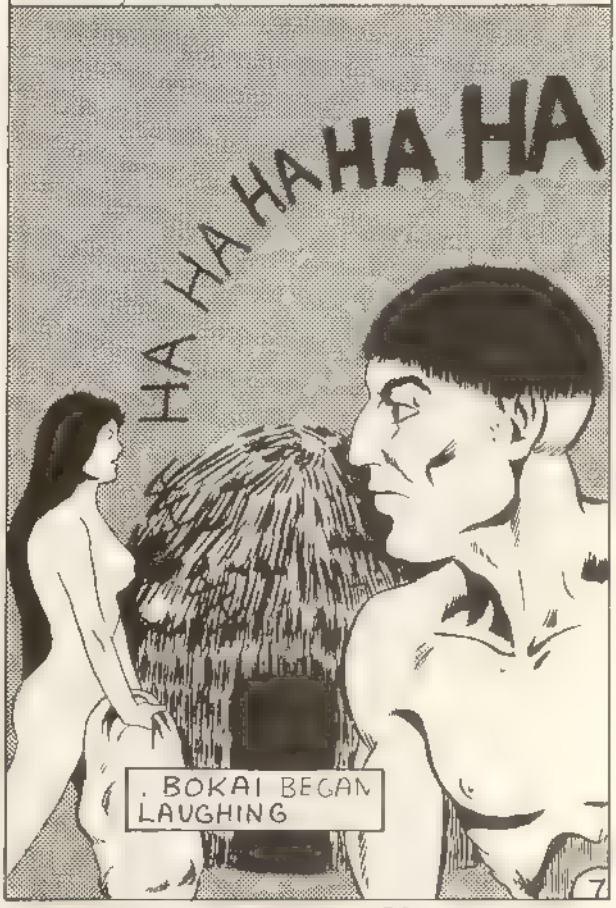




WHEN MARACATI'S TIME CAME TO DIE, HE BECKONED BOKAI TO HIM AND SPOKE TO HER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER FIFTY YEARS.

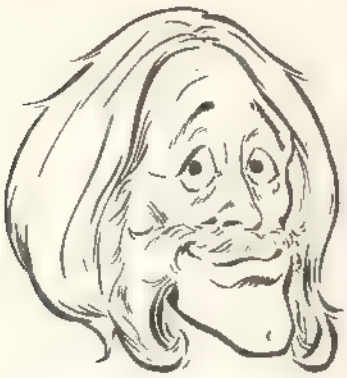


WHEN HIS LAST BREATH GUSHED FORTH, AND MARACATI WAS DEAD..



... NOR D.D SHE STOP UNTIL STRANGE W LD YEARS LATER, SHE ALSO DIED AND JOINED MARACATI AND CARU, UNDER THE FLOOR THERE WERE SOME MUNDURUCU HOWEVER WHO INSISTED, MAKING STRANGE SIGNS TO WARD OFF DEMONS, THAT SHE KEPT RIGHT ON LAUGHING EVEN AFTER ..... *THE END*

AMERICA BEWARE!



GOOD KID
TYPICAL AMERICAN YOUTH ENJOYS LIFE TO THE FULLEST EXTENT

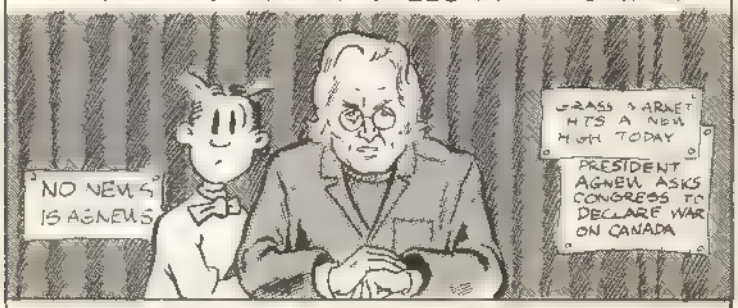
E.B.S.



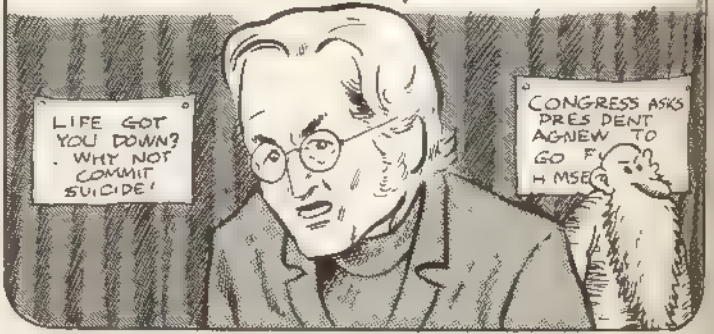
BAD KID
HOPELESS **EBS** ADDICT STAYS IN HIS ROOM DOING NOTHING FOR DAYS

ELECTRONIC BRAIN STIMULATION

"ACROSS THE NATION THERE HAS BEEN GROWING CONCERN WITH THE RAPIDLY SPREADING USE OF ELECTRONIC BRAIN STIMULATION—KNOWN AS EBS BY ITS USERS!



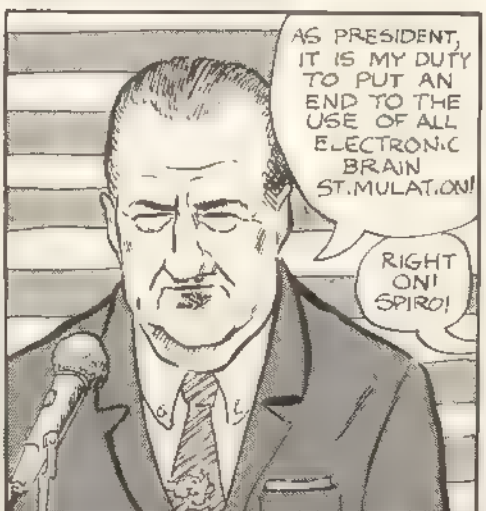
...ELECTRONIC BRAIN STIMULATION IS A DIRECT ELECTRICAL STIMULATION OF VARIOUS PARTS OF THE BRAIN. THE AVERAGE USER CLAIMS TO EXPERIENCE VIVID SENSATIONS AND GAIN AN EXPANDED CONSCIOUSNESS, SUPERIOR TO LSD!



EBS RESEARCH BEGAN IN THE EARLY SIXTIES, WITH EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS...



WHEN ITS EFFECT ON HUMANS WAS DISCOVERED, EBS BECAME ILLEGAL, THUS CAUSING ADDICTED USERS TO RELY ON SMUGGLED PARTS FROM OTHER COUNTRIES.



IN SPITE OF THE DIFFICULTY OF GETTING THE NECESSARY PARTS, EBS USE HAS GROWN STEADILY—MANY EBS ADDICTS GET THEIR START BY STICKING THEIR FINGERS IN A WALL SOCKET AT HOME.



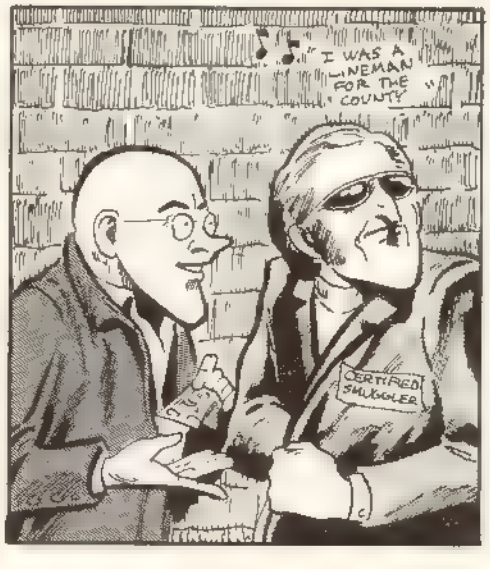
MORE INGENIOUS YOUTHS ATTEMPT TO CREATE THEIR OWN EBS UNITS BY CANNIBALIZING OLD TV'S, RADIOS, AND ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSHES.



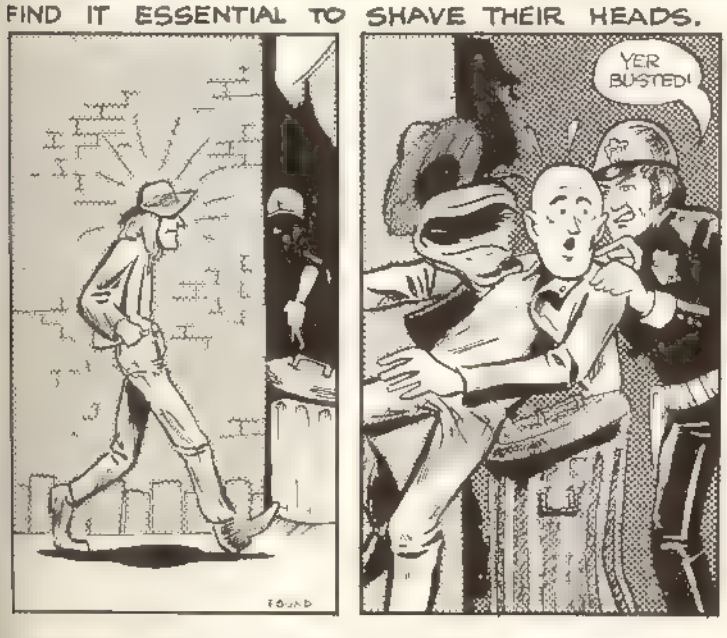
THIS AMATEURISH APPROACH, HOWEVER, OFTEN ENDS UP IN "BLOWING A FUSE" ...A TOTAL FREAKOUT WHEN THE KID PLUGS IN.



TO AVOID THIS UNFORTUNATE RESULT, MOST EBS USERS RELY ON THEIR SUPPLIER, A "LINEMAN," TO GET THEM THE NECESSARY PARTS.



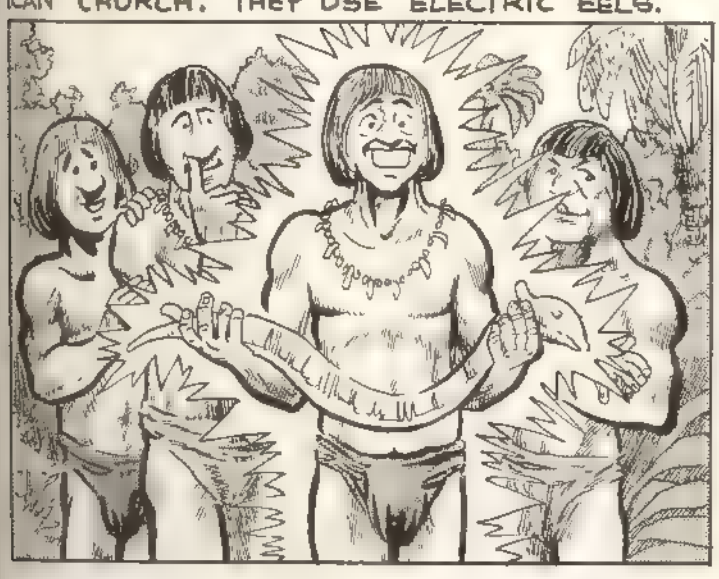
FOR BEST RECEPTION WITH EBS UNITS, ADDICTS FIND IT ESSENTIAL TO SHAVE THEIR HEADS.



IN FACT, EBS USE HAS SPREAD SO MUCH LATELY, IT HAS STARTED A COUNTER CULTURE... WITH ITS OWN RELIGION... THE "ELECTRIC BROTHERS OF THE SPIRIT" ...CLAIMING THAT GOD IS ELECTRIC.



HOWEVER, EBS IS STILL ILLEGAL. ONLY ONE GROUP CAN LEGALLY PRACTICE ELECTRONIC BRAIN STIMULATION—THE NATIVE SOUTH AMERICAN CHURCH. THEY USE ELECTRIC EELS.



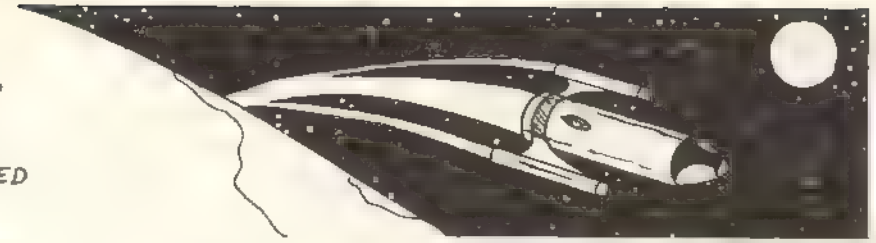
SO—THE NEXT TIME A KID SCUFFS HIS FEET ON A CARPET TO GET STATIC ELECTRICITY... REPORT HIM TO THE F.B.I. HE MAY ALREADY BE TAKING THE FIRST STEP DOWN THAT LONG, LONELY ROAD TO EBS ADDICTION!

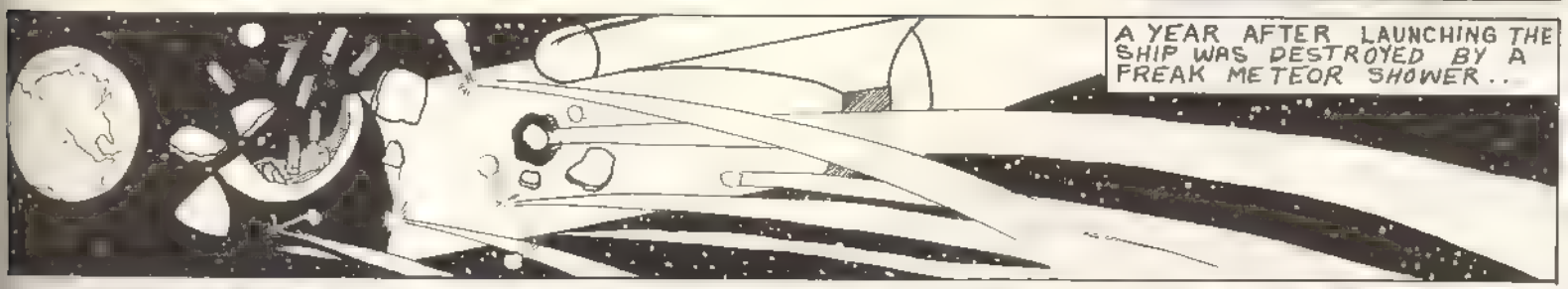


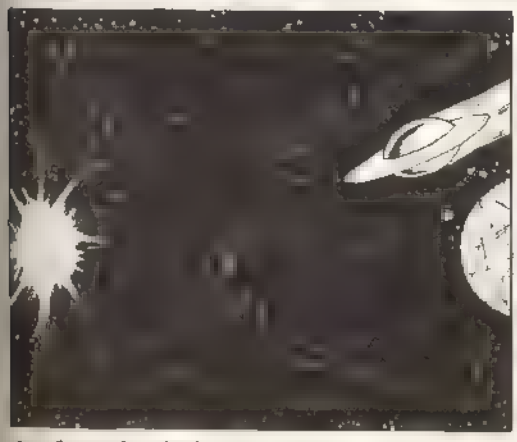
THIS HAS BEEN A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT.


PROLOGUE . .
A GROUP OF RADICALS, DISCONTENT WITH CIVILIZATION DECIDE TO WIPE OUT MANKIND SAVING ONLY A SELECT FEW TO START THE WORLD ANEW...
A TIMED MECHANISM SET OFF A PLAGUE TO DESTROY MANKIND...
THE FEW WHO WERE TO SURVIVE WERE SPLIT INTO TWO GROUPS. BOTH GROUPS WERE FROZEN ... ONE GROUP WAS PUT INTO A SPACE SHIP AND PUT INTO ORBIT. THE OTHER GROUP WAS STORED IN AN UNDERGROUND COMPLEX IN THE ARIZONA DESERT...

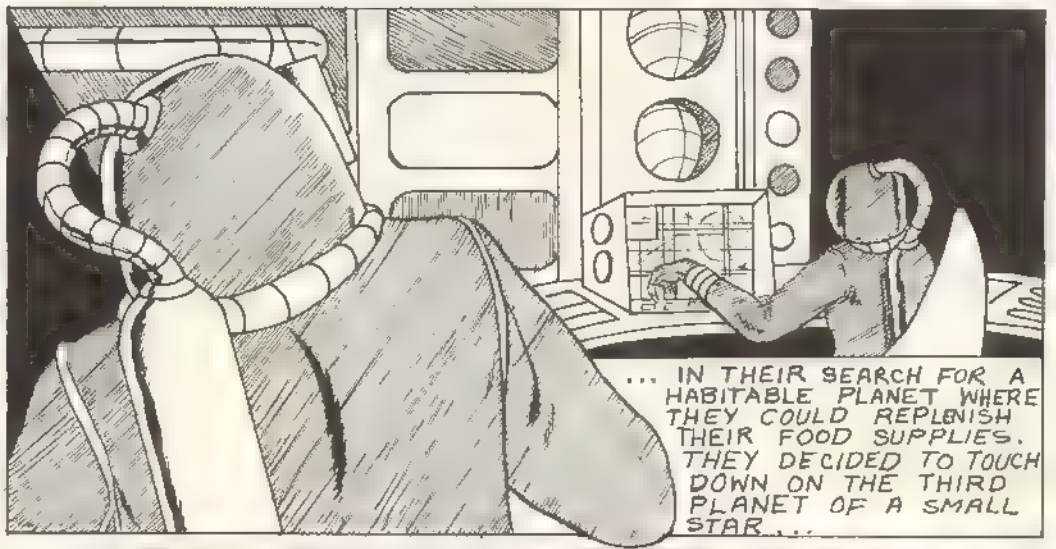
A BEACON AT THE UNDERGROUND COMPLEX WAS TO AUTOMATICALLY SEND OUT A RADIO SIGNAL TWENTY YEARS AFTER FREEZING. WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN CONTACT WITH THE BEAM IT WAS TO HOME IN ON IT AND TOUCH DOWN NEXT TO THE COMPLEX. THE PEOPLE WERE TO BE DEFROSTED SEVERAL DAYS LATER ...

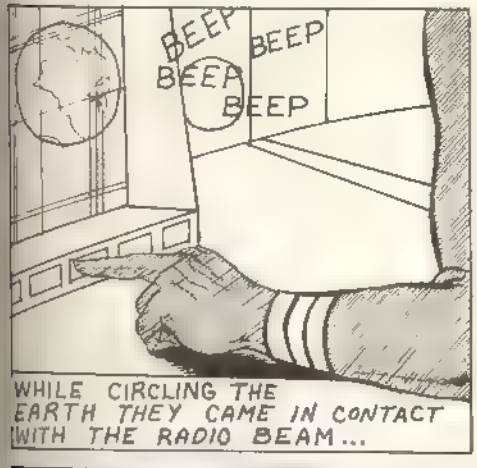






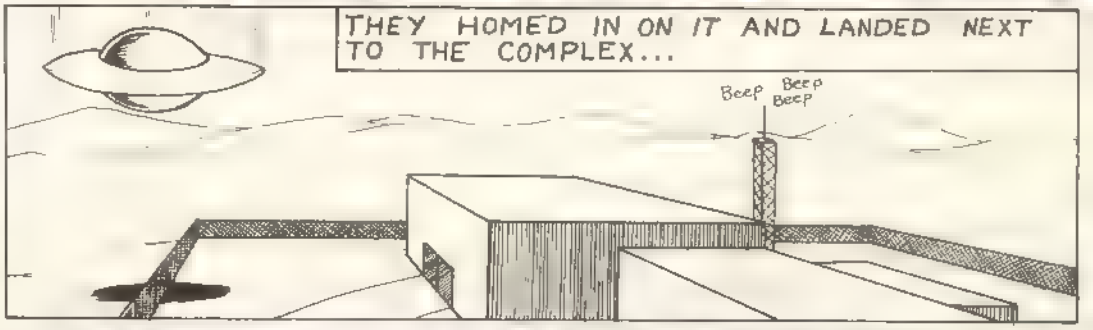
ON BOARD THE INTERSTELLAR CRAFT WERE TWO ALIEN EXPLORERS CHARTING UNKNOWN PLANETS ..

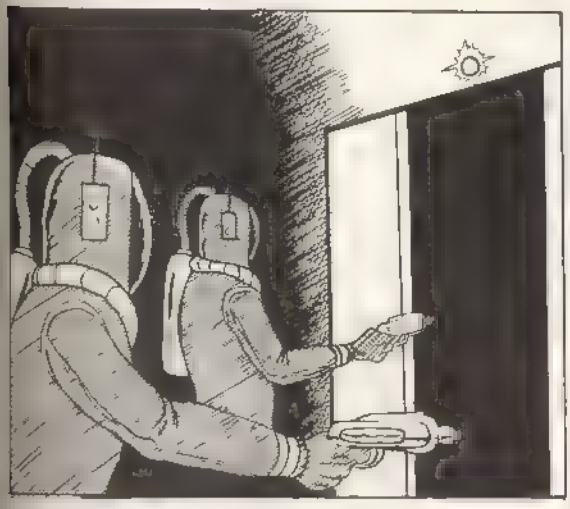


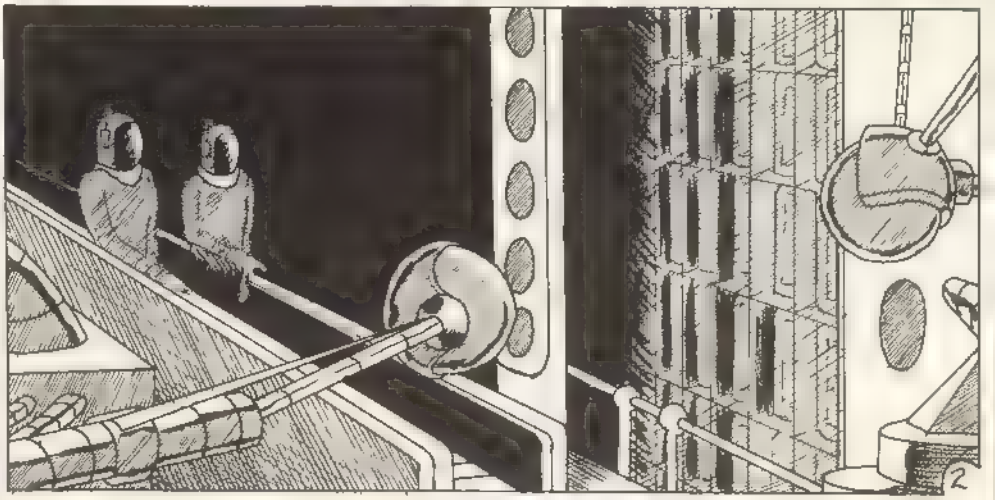


WHILE CIRCLING THE EARTH THEY CAME IN CONTACT WITH THE RADIO BEAM...










LOOK GEORGE FOOD!
WRITTEN by FRANCES McCRONE
ILLUSTRATED by VINCENT MARCHESANO
THE END



HE STARTED OUT AS AN ORDINARY, GOOD-NATURED OLD MAN IN 300 BC, DURING THE REIGN OF THE BABYLONIAN KING, NEBUCHADREZZAR...



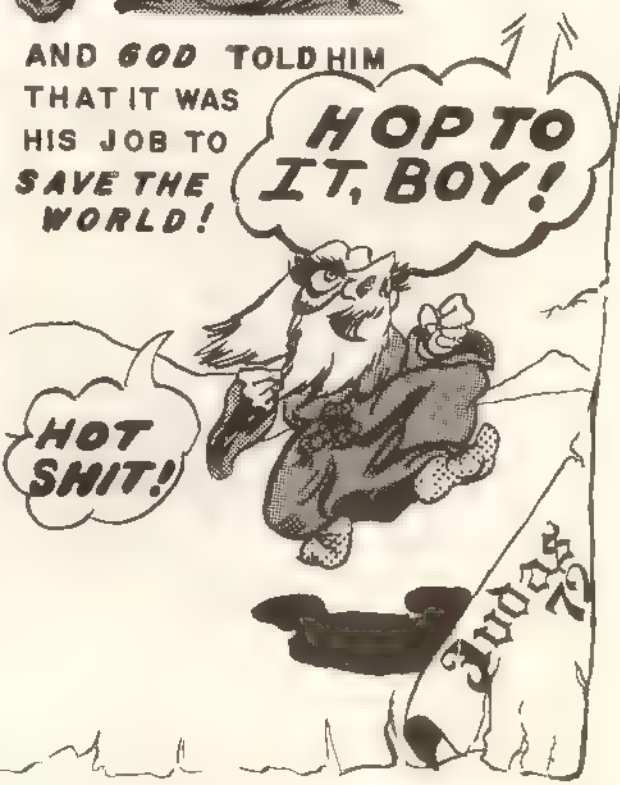
WHEN ONE DAY HE WAS STRUCK ON THE HEAD WHILE ON A MOUNTAIN STROLL. ASIDE FROM A SLIGHT MEMORY LOSS, THE ONLY EFFECT WAS A A TENDENCY TOWARDS GREAT RELIGIOUS VISIONS!



IT WAS DURING ONE OF THESE SPELLS THAT HE SAW GOD!



AND GOD TOLD HIM THAT IT WAS HIS JOB TO SAVE THE WORLD!





the fantastic art of CHARLES MOMBERGER

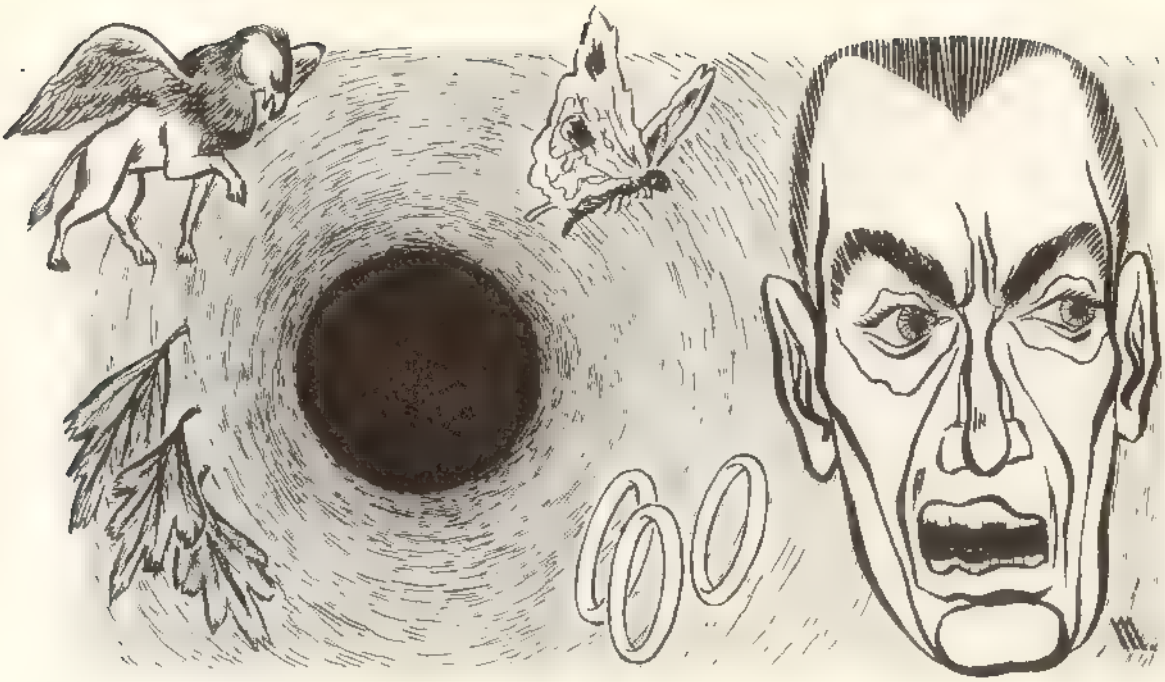
The illustrations on the following pages are the work of Charles Momberger of Orchard Park, New York. They originally appeared in a book of poetry entitled THE FEMALE DEMON. In that book the illustrations were reduced in size so that a great deal of the fine detail work was lost. We are presenting these now for the first time in their original size. Hopefully someday Momberger will return to fantasy illustrating.





The illustration above also appeared on the dust jacket of the SHROUD edition of H. P. Lovecraft's THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH.

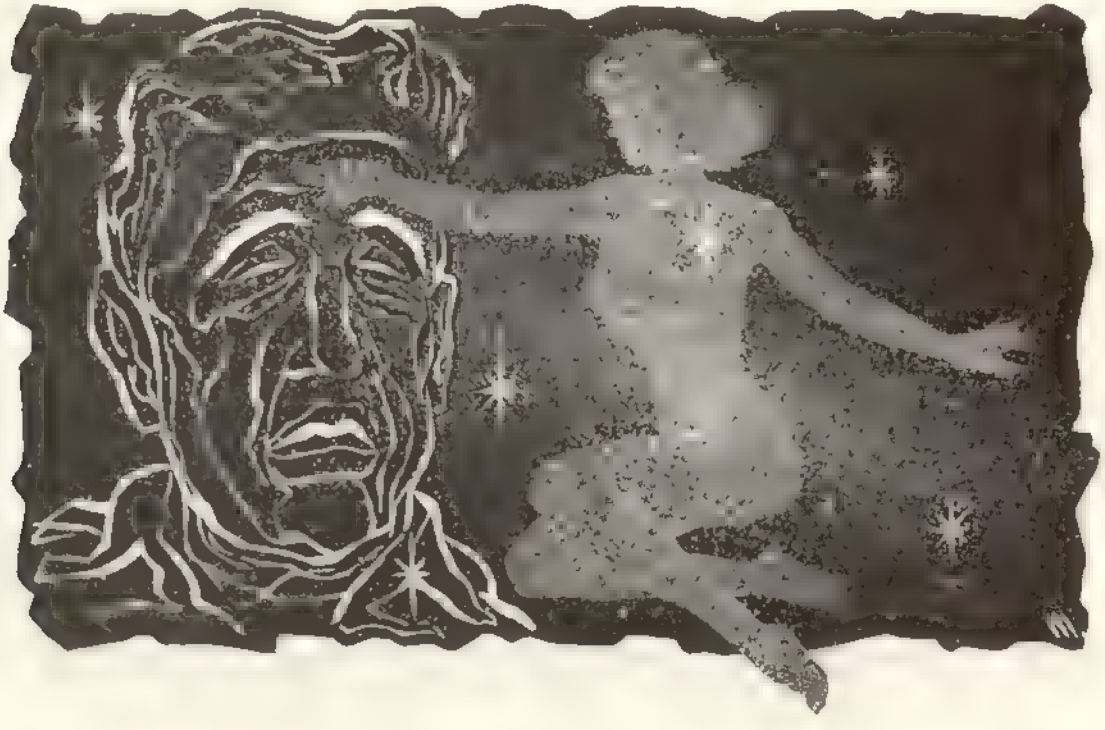




THE FEMALE DEMON contained 31 of these illustrations by Momberger. Less than 250 copies of the book were ever distributed and it has become a sought-after item among fantasy collectors.



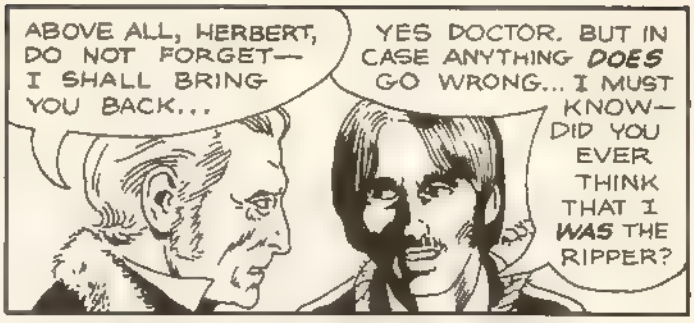




Possibly the appearance of this work will bring Momberger back into the illustrating field. If so, you will be sure to see him in FANTASY HOUSE publications.

IT IS A COLD, GREY, MISTY AUTUMN MORNING IN THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY. THE SUN HAS NOT YET RISEN. THE DENSE FOG PLAYS TRICKS ON THE EYES, MAKING SHAPES APPEAR TO COME AND GO. THE STILLNESS IN THE AIR FORESHADOWS THE COMING OF DEATH... AS HERBERT ENDORE, LABORATORY ASSISTANT TO DOCTOR BRADLEY STOKER, IS TO BE HUNG FOR THE CRIMES OF *JACK THE RIPPER.*







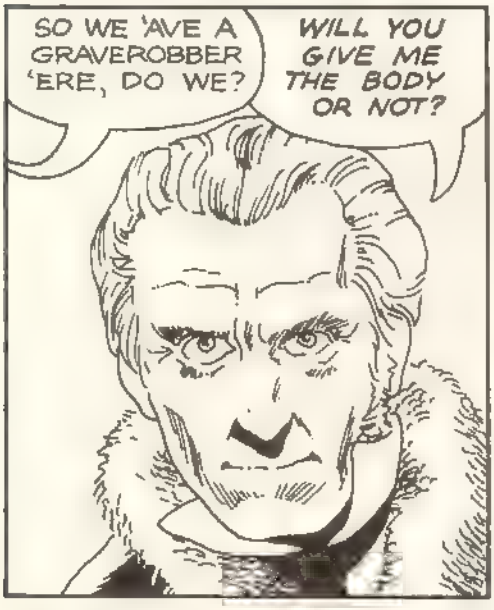




DEATH WALKS BY NIGHT!











HIS NEGOTIATIONS COMING TO A STANDSTILL, DOCTOR STOKER TRIES A LESS SUBTLE TECHNIQUE, AND REPLACES HERBERT'S BODY WITH THE GRAVEDIGGER'S. HE FINISHES BURYING THE CASKET, AND RETURNS TO THE LABORATORY. HERBERT'S BODY IS IN GOOD CONDITION, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING:



THERE ARE THOSE AMONGST US WHO ARE SERVANTS OF NATURE'S CREATIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE PRINCIPLES. IT IS SAID THEY ARE MURDERERS, MEMBERS OF A DYING RACE, EVER READY TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THIS EARTH. BUT SUCH IS NOT SO. THEY ARE NOT DESTROYERS OF HUMAN BEINGS AND THE GOOD, BUT OF EVIL SPIRITS WHO COUNTERFEIT BOTH LIFE AND DEATH... INTRODUCING...

ZOLTAN, THE DESTROYER



WRITTEN by
CAPTAIN GEORGE HENDERSON
ILLUSTRATION by
VINCENT MARCHESANO
LETTERING by
JAY-JAY

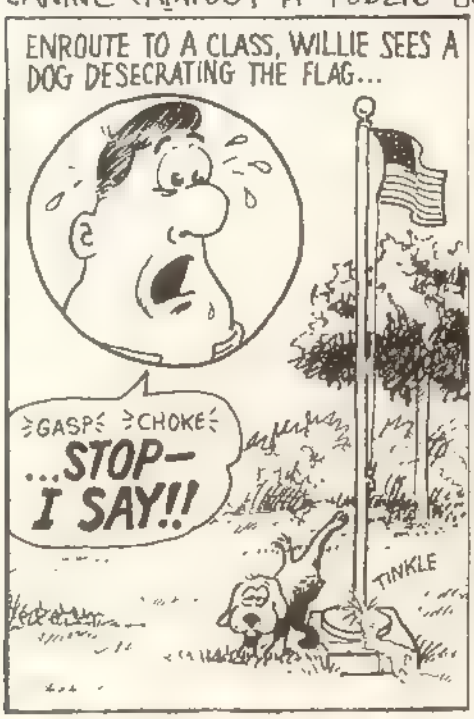

I AM ZOLTAN!
THE DESTROYER!!! BUT YOU ARE ONE OF US!
TRUE. BUT I AM ALSO OF THE CHOSEN. WE ARE NOT OF THE BLOOD!
I BEG OF YOU, DO NOT DESTROY ME. SPARE ME AND I WILL SHOW YOU WORLDS YET UNDREAMED OF!
WHAT HAVE YOU TO OFFER SUCH AS I. YOUR VERY BREATH IS A WIND FROM HELL!
I OFFER YOU A LIFE OF PASSION FOR CENTURIES EVERLASTING!
AHHHH I BURN!!!
FOOLISH WOMAN, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN? I AM OF THE CHOSEN, I WAS...
.. BLESSED BY THE CREATOR. MY BLOOD IS HOLY!!!
AHHHH

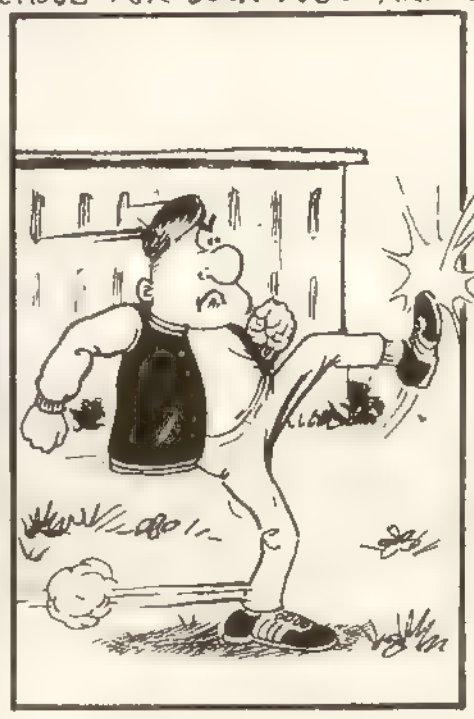


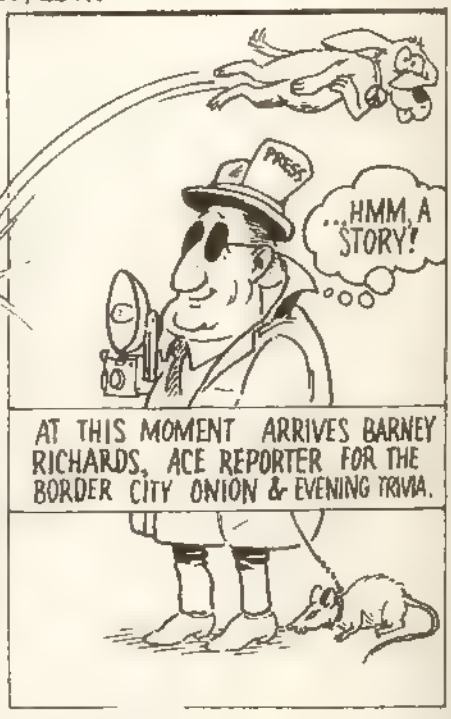




PROLOGUE: **WILLY WONDERFUL** (above) IS A PATRIOTIC STUDENT AT CANINE CAMPUS, A PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR BOTH DOGS AND PEOPLE...

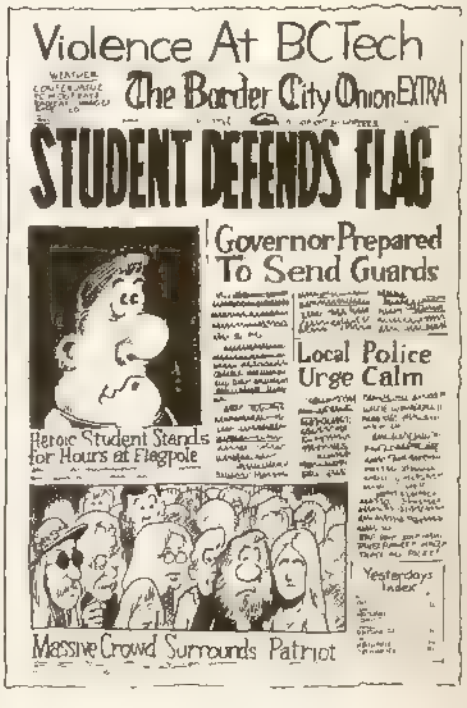












OVER NIGHT WILLIE HAS BECOME A NATIONAL HERO

GREAT AMERICANS PRAISE HIS NAME



"OUR FLAG SHOULD HAVE A NEW STAR—THIS STAR WOULD REPRESENT A YOUNG AMERICAN WHO WILL TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE CONSTELLATION OF GREAT AMERICAN PATRIOTS—WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, LINCOLN, AND NOW ...WONDERFUL. UH .. I HAVE SEEN THIS YOUNG PATRIOT, MOTIVATED BY THE *HIGHEST* IDEALS OF THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE GPA REQUIREMENT OF THE NCAA, PROTECT THE *SYMBOL* OF OUR COUNTRY WITH HIS *VERY* LIFE.





EVEN GREATER HONORS AND PRESTIGE AWAIT PATRIOTIC WILLIE WONDERFUL **BUT**

...A STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS— AS WILLIE IS BEING HONORED BY THE NATION, A SUIT IS BEING FILED AGAINST HIM...



NEXT DAY, IN THE BORDER CITY ONION...

Underdog Sues Wonderful

(as) Fido Underdog, a foreigner coming from a mixed racial background, is suing Mr. W. Wonderful. Underdog is often seen on the BCT campus engaged in activities wi CHINESE shows, GERMAN shepherds, MEXICAN chiha- haus, IRISH setters, and Militant Dobermans. His father, a RUSSI hound, is now in the pound. .....

WHAT WILL BE THE OUTCOME OF THIS SUIT AGAINST PATRIOTIC WILLIE WONDERFUL



READ ON..

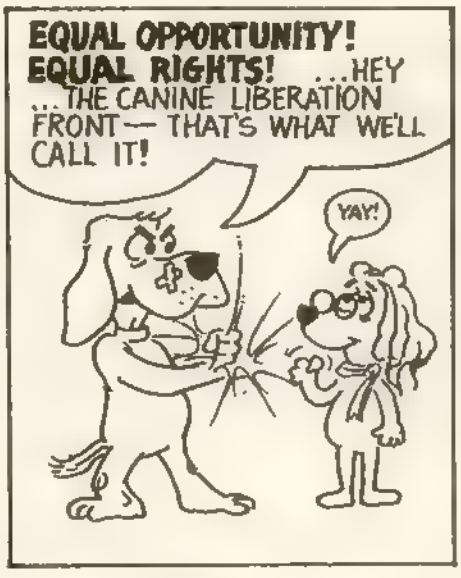
FIDO UNDERDOG'S SUIT AGAINST WILLIE WONDERFUL HAS BEEN DELAYED TEMPORARILY...





canine comix



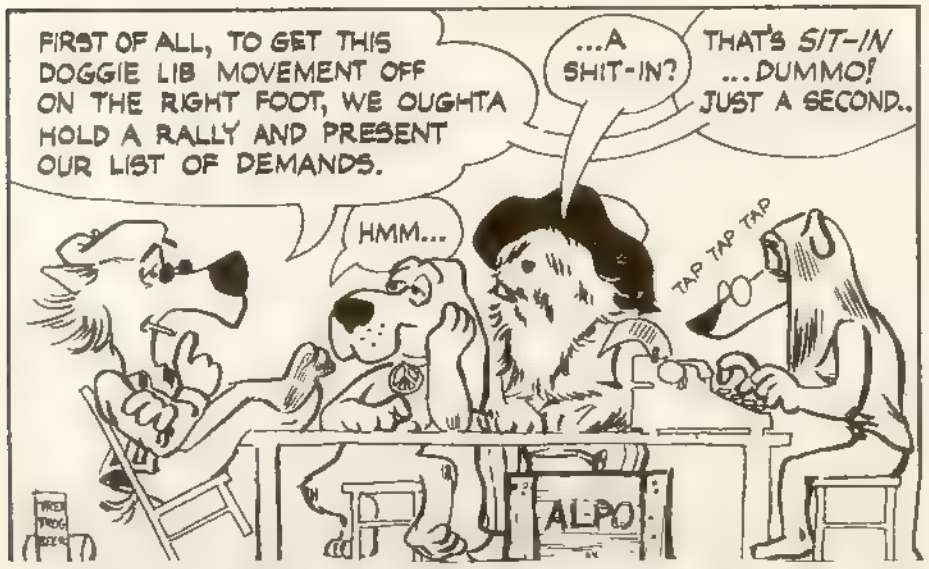


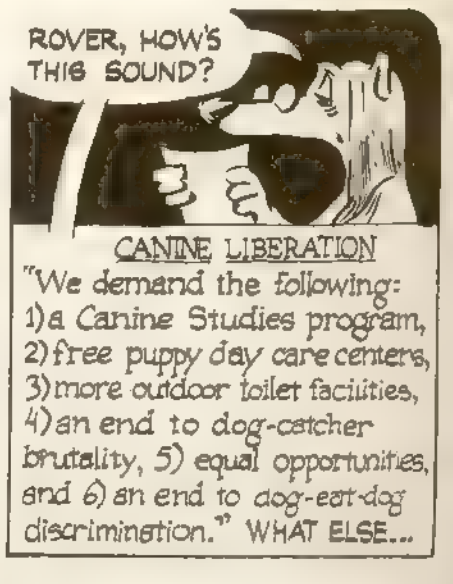












Canine comix











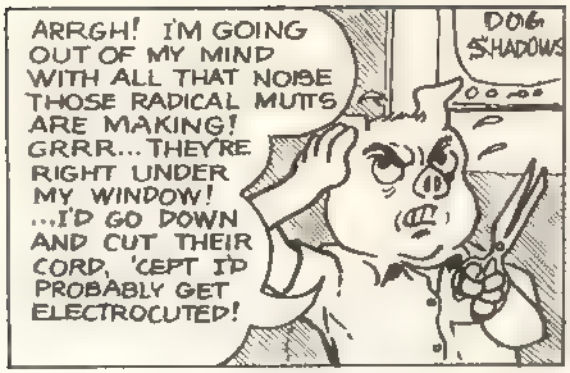




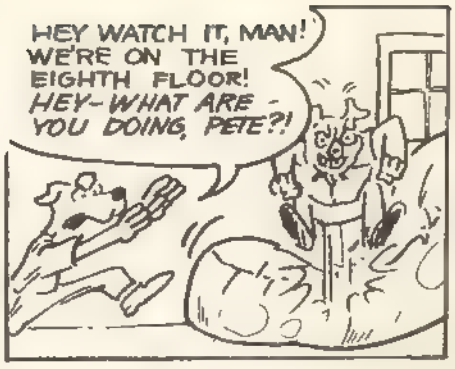


















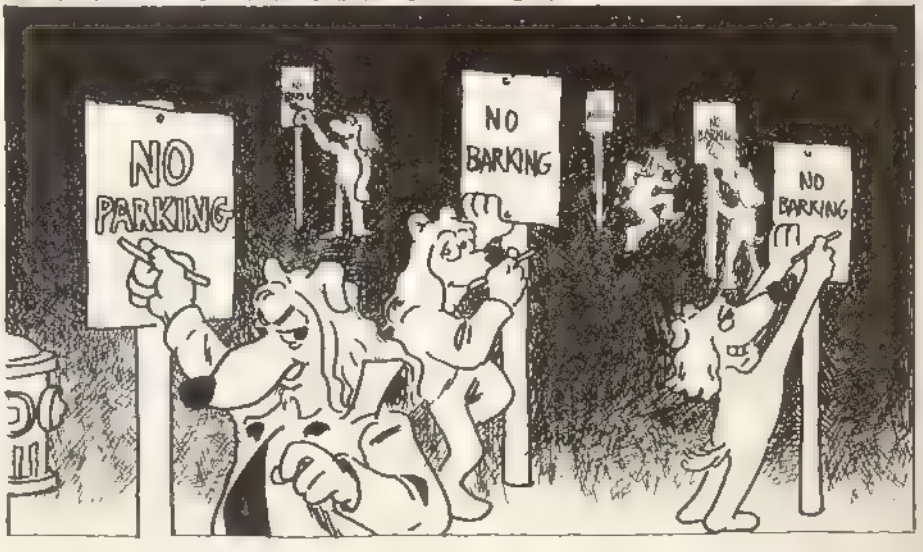






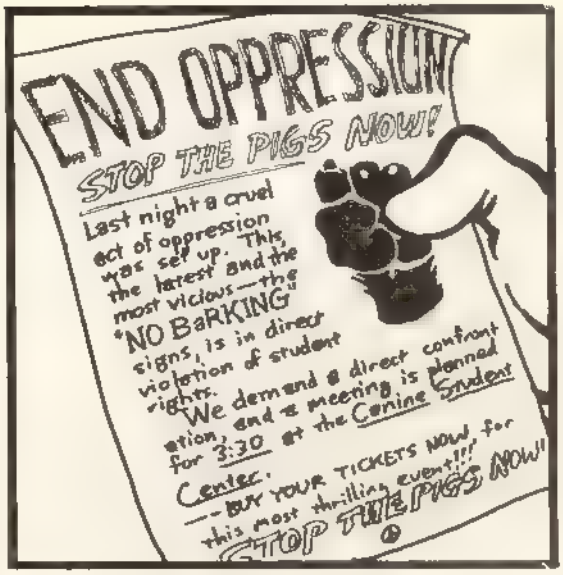


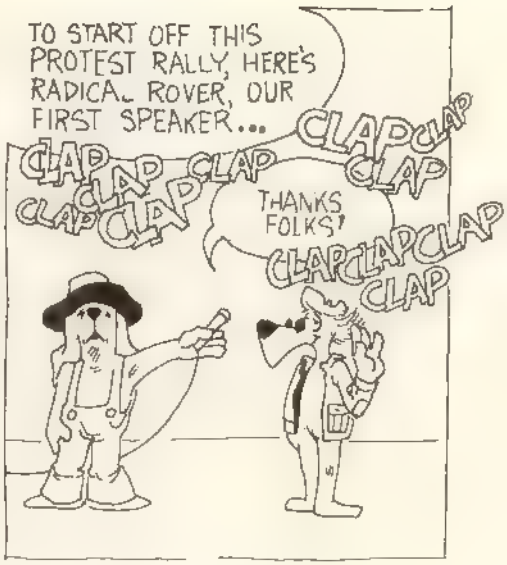
BY NIGHT A FURTIVE CREW GOES ABOUT CAMPUS CHANGING SIGNS.



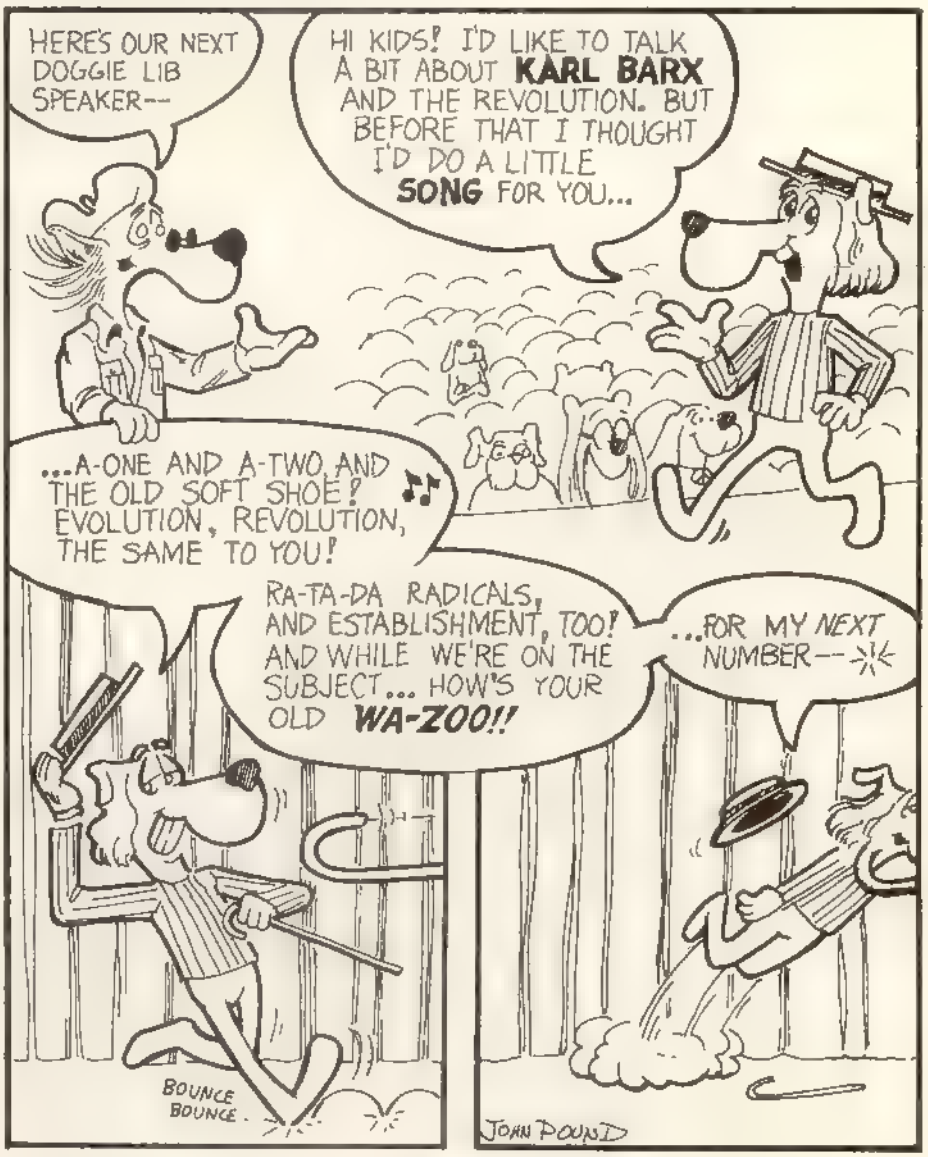
canine comix





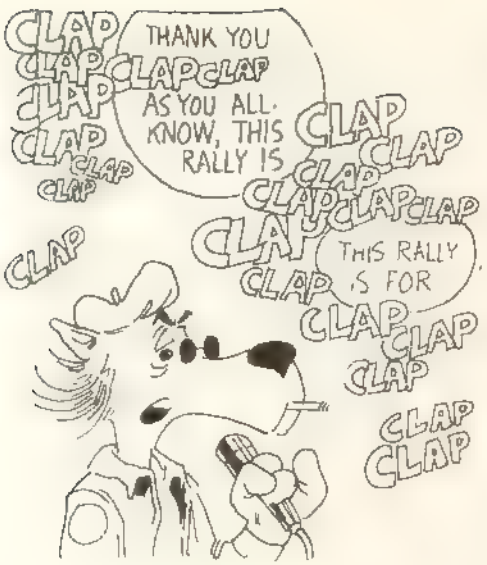






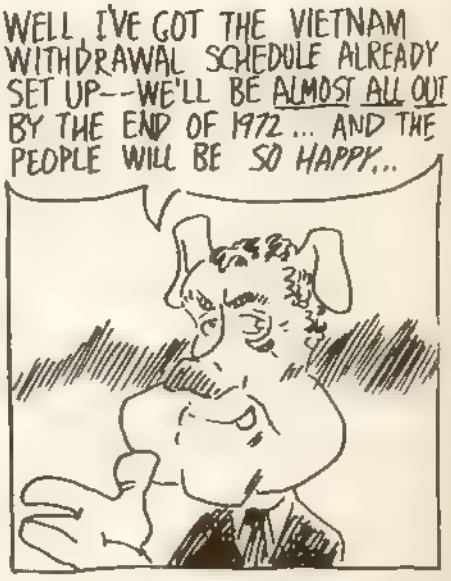


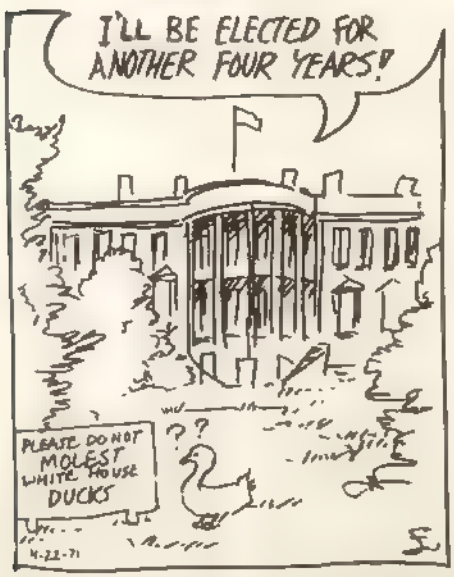
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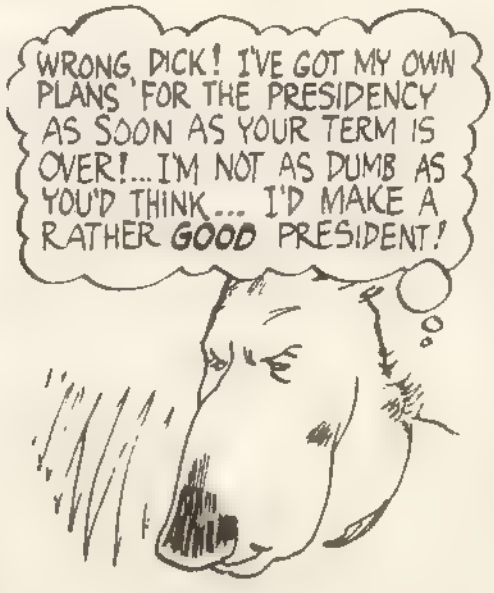


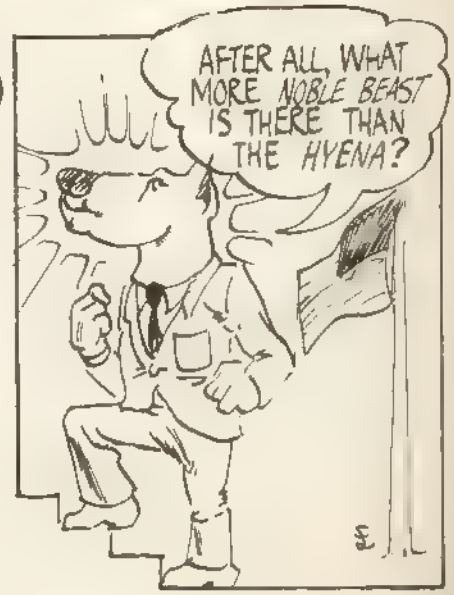






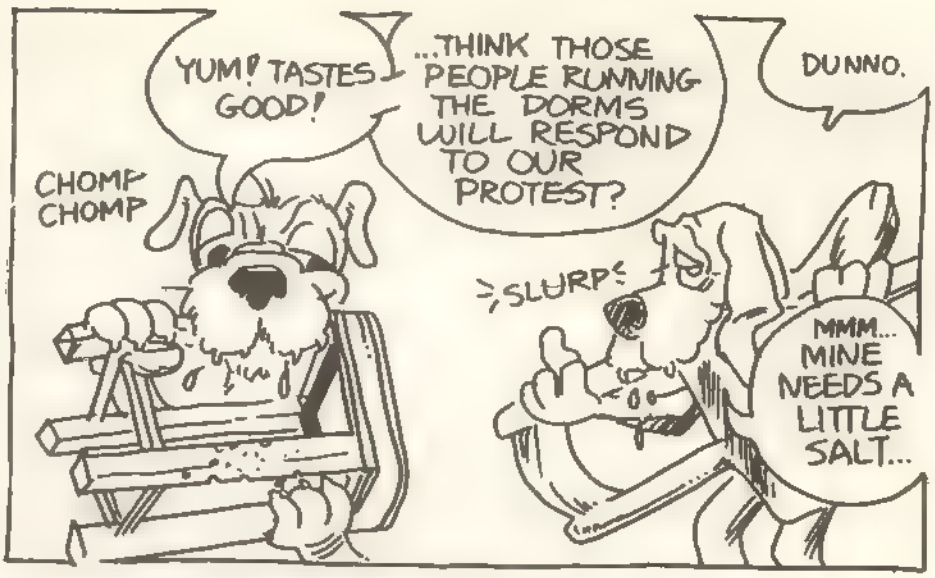


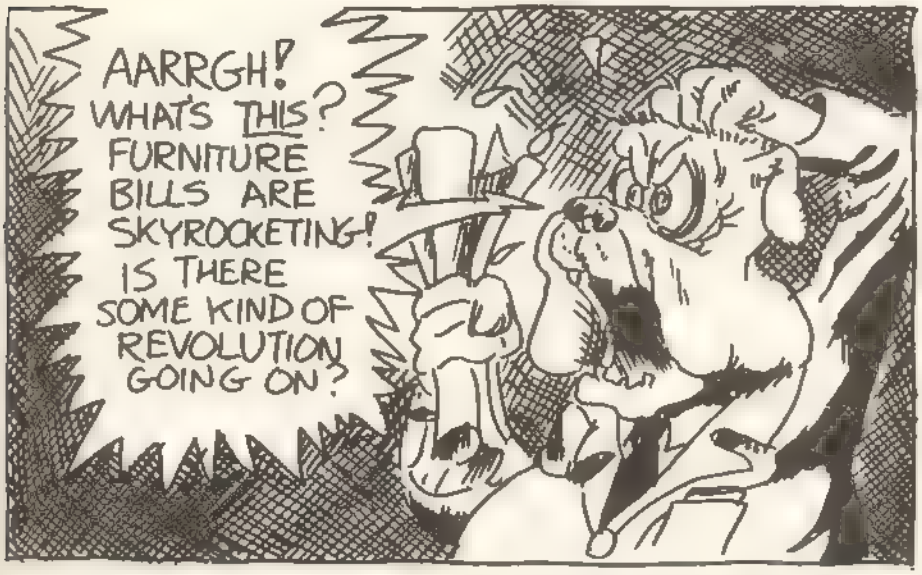


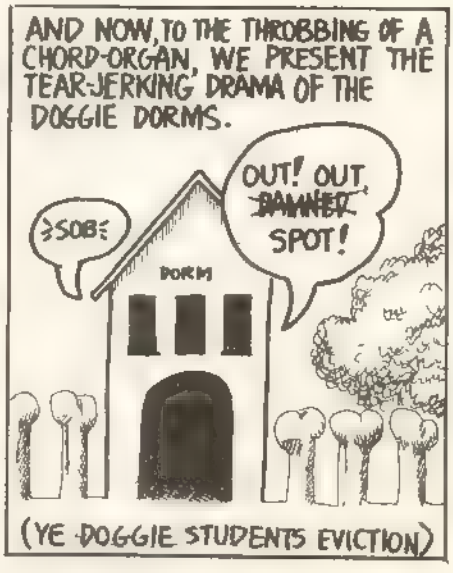


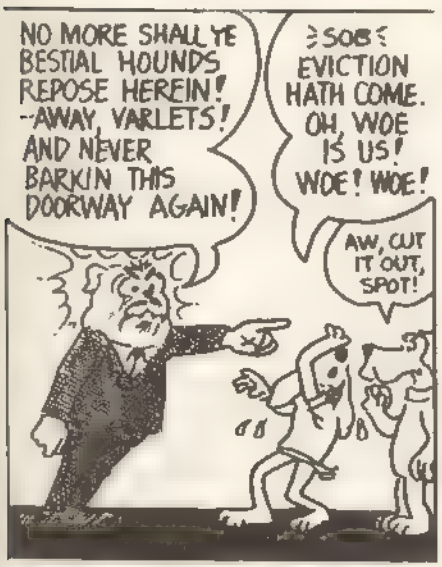
Canine Comix

MEANWHILE, THE CANINE RADICALS CONTINUE THEIR PROTEST BY CHEWING ON THE FURNITURE. IT'S MORE NUTRITIOUS THAN DORM FOOD, ANYHOW!













THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

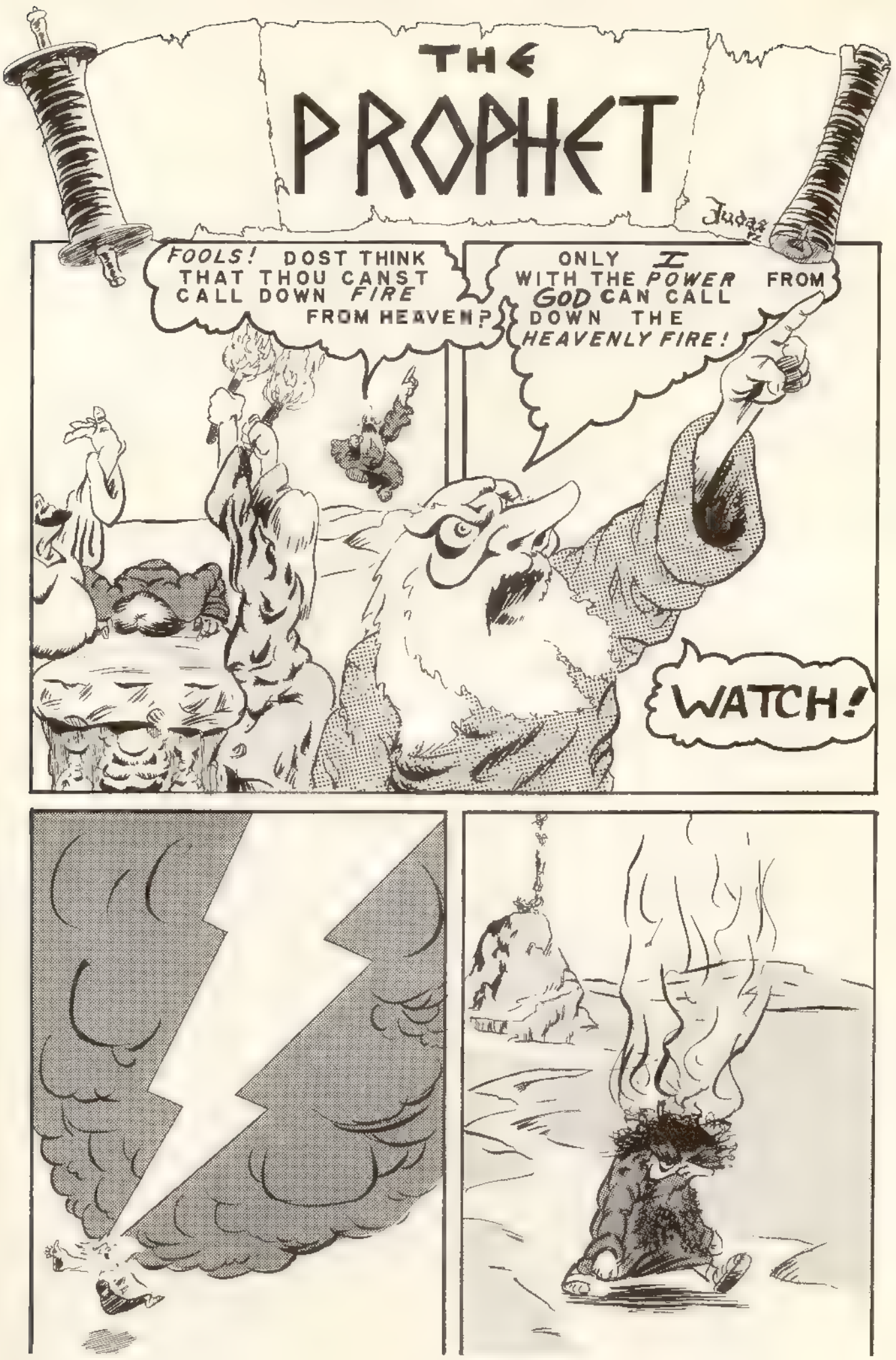

THE FEZKID
WITH FEZ HEAD FINNEGIAN
RIPP
©1972
HIYA HYMIE!!
SNORT
WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THIS ON YER HEAD?!
HYUK!
IT'S M'FEZ
GULP
SNORT
WELL LISTEN FEZ FACE! NOBODY WEARS NO HAT IN MY HOUSE! SO TAKE IT OFF!!
HOKAY!
NURK!!
TH' UNITED CARTOON WORKERS OF AMERICA PRESENTS'
ACE CARTOONIST
INK HIGGINS
AT WORK
OH YOU FOOL THAT WAS LOVE SEZ MY HEART
NOW THIS IS A VERY CRITICAL MOMENT!
I MUST DO THIS WITH UPMOST CARE!!
GASP
I MUST NOT FAIL AT THIS MOST CRITICAL MOMENT OF UPMOST CARE!!
GASP GASP
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH
SSS KURCH!!
MAYBE NEXT TIME


I SAY, HEY BABY, TELL ME WHAT YOU GONNA DO TANIGHT~
OH, BABY LOOSEN UP AN' DONT BE SO TIGHT~
WELL-AH MOVE OVER ONCE~
MOVE OVER TWICE~
GONNA GET ME SOME NOOKIE ALLRIGHT~
BUMP
BAH DUMP BUMB
DREMS O' GLORY
BABY, BABY WE'LL
FLIP FLOP FLOOGIE
TO NIGHT
JOE BENITENDE


The adventures of
BOPPER BILL
KRAZY POPS
-THE GREASERS VAL-HAL-LA
Bopper Bill, the rekown Rock N' Roller of the 50's, has been claimed missing for the last 15 years. Some people think he's dead... others say he's just hiding out, waiting to make a comeback. Suddenly, last June, the old shit showed his face at a keen-age dope-orgy. Heres the story—
Co-starring
Little Bob
Sweet Sue
FAMILY PIG
A partys BEEN GOIN ON AT TOM'S APARTMENT FOR THE LAST 36 HRS.
BAM BAM BAM
CHRIST! ITS THE PIGS!
COPS ITS NOT, GANG IT'S JUST OLD BOPPER BILL! GROOVIN FOR SOME MOVIN' 2 WELL- WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES ONE WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN
WUT D HAYLL?
PUT ON SOME PLATTERS
LETS WAIL, GAIL!
BOO-WOP SHEE-BOP BOP
STEP UP THE TEMP
AND NOW...
WHERE GONNA ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK TOO-NITE


HERE.. GIMMEE THAT SHIT
HEY, HEY, HEY
SNATCH
SHAKE ROCK'N' ROLL
AND DRINK THIS!
white port
Lemon Juice
MY ANGEL BAY-BEE
SOME AXLE GREASE ON YOUR SKEETS
AND YOU LOOK ALL REET!
A COMB TH SOME ZEET-
WHIZZO-UNBREAKABLE
AND NOW, GANG, ILL MAKE WITH THE TWANG
AW REET
YEAH
GO MA
ROCK IS HERE TO STAY
SHAH NA
BOP MAN BOP!
AFTER FINISHING HIS ROCK MEDLEY, BILL GIVES HIS DEATH STARE —
AND THEN PROCEEDS TO JUMP OUT THE WINDOW, PROBABLY NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN.
CRASH
LET'S HOP
GO TO THE
THOSE WHO SAW AND HEARD HIM THAT NIGHT HAVE NEVER BEEN THE SAME. THEY JUST WALK THE STREETS, GREASE THEIR HAIR, AND MUMBLE CONSTANTLY ABOUT BOPPER BILLS BIG SHOW THAT NIGHT. HOPING ONE DAY TO SEE HIM AGAIN.
LATER, ORKEE!


MORBID MELODIES PRESENTS...
THE PRACTICAL JOKER
BOO
SAD SAD DAY SNIFF
MOAN
HOO
SNIFF
I ALWAYS CRY AT FUNERALS
WOE
CRY
SNIFF
POOR OLD HYMIE – HE'S DEAD-
SNIFF
SNIFF
HE WAS SUCH A FINE FELLOW!
AND SUCH A JOKER!
SNIF
SNIFF
REMEMBER THE TIME HE FIXED THE BRAKES IN THAT GUYS CAR?!?
AIEEEE!
YAH! AND THE TIME HE PUT THE DRAINO IN THE MOUTH WASH?!?
GRUMPY '72
YUK! YUK! WHAT A CARD!!
ANYTHING FOR A LAFF!
SHH! SHH! THEY'RE ABOUT TO OPEN TH' CASKET!!
LET US TAKE OUR LAST LOOK AT OUR BELOVED HYMIE!
SNIF
SNIF
BOINNNG
ACK!
AP.
HE WAS A REAL TROOPER TIL THE END
THE TERRIBLE MR. ERASERHEAD -
YA-HAA!!
DRUGGA BULLY?
KILL THREAT!
HERE COMES MR. ERASERHEAD...
GRRR, I'LL CLEAN UP THAT TROUBLE ALL RIGHT!
RIPPO '72
I'M GONNA RUB YA OUT!
RUB
RUB
HMPH!
RUB
RUB
RUB
RUB
?


THE
PROPHET
Judas
FOOLS! DOST THINK THAT THOU CANST CALL DOWN FIRE FROM HEAVEN?
ONLY I WITH THE POWER FROM GOD CAN CALL DOWN THE HEAVENLY FIRE!
WATCH!


FLASH • FOEGART
E. Corton
BENINTENDI

BUELL — BAH

DEDICATED TO THE BURROUGHS BROS EDGAR RICE AND WILLIAM

RIPP © 9/72 U.C W.A. JAN

AFTER A 3 MONTH TRAVEL, WE HAD LANDED ON THE PLANET OF BUELL BAH !!

THE L.T.18 HAD CRASHED ON THE UNCHARTED PLANET IN THE GALAXY OF XERCURI EXACTLY ONE YEAR, 4 MONTHS, AND 7 DAYS FROM THE DAY WE LANDED

THERE WAS NO RADIO CONTACT WITH ANY OF THE EIGHT MAN CREW AFTER THE SECOND DAY ON THE SMALL YELLOW PLANET !!

THE PLANETS TERRAIN WAS INDEED TREACHEROUS - THERE WERE REMAINS OF A CULTURE THAT OBVIOUSLY DIED OFF HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO. AND A STRANGE CIVILIZATION IT MUST HAVE BEEN - WITH A PREOCCUPATION WITH DEATH - AND PAIN!

DAVIS WAS THE FIRST TO FIND THE BODIES WHEN HE RETURNED HE WAS SUFFERING FROM A SLIGHT CASE OF SHOCK.!!

HE COULD NOT RELATE TO US WHAT HE HAD SEEN - AND ONLY RETRACED HIS STEPS BACK TOWARD THE EAST.!

WE OF COURSE FOLLOWED DAVIS TO APPEARED TO BE A ONCE LIVING FOREST - NOW ROCK HARD WITH AGE —

WHEN WE CAUGHT UP TO DAVIS HE WAS STANDING FACING THE ROCKY VALLEY - UPON THE LONG DEAD TREE'S HUNG THE CREW OF THE L.T.18 - DANGLING - NECKS BROKEN - A NIGHTMARE SUSPENDED IN TIME LIKE A GREAT MONUMENT TO THE CULTURE THAT LOVED DEATH!

AB BUELL!

BBAHHHH!

WHY ?

A Letter to the Editor:



Enclosed is a picture of me reading the latest issue of your really swell magazine. I sure hope that you can use this someplace in your next issue because I want all of the people who buy your magazine to know that I can write really neat stuff about monsters, and about naked women, and I've even written one about a mad lawnmower that had a hysterectomy and then ran amuck through Shaker Heights. I will be happy to send you a copy of my next fanzine if I can get it cleared by the post office. They have this real stupid rule about sending more than 70 pounds, and I'm trying to figure out what to cut out of it.

Please let me know if you would like me to write or to draw something for you. I do both real dandy.

--Harlie



Fantasy Classics

INFAMOUS FUNNIES

FANTASY HOUSE
6045 VINELAND AVENUE
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 91606
(213) 877-5777


Hey Rabbit - Better send a Buck and a Half
Right away to Fantasy House Etc.
To get Yourself a copy of the First Great Issue
of "Space Fantasies,"
because if you don't I'm
gonna Bust Your Fish Bowl

GRAND CENTRAL MIND STATION
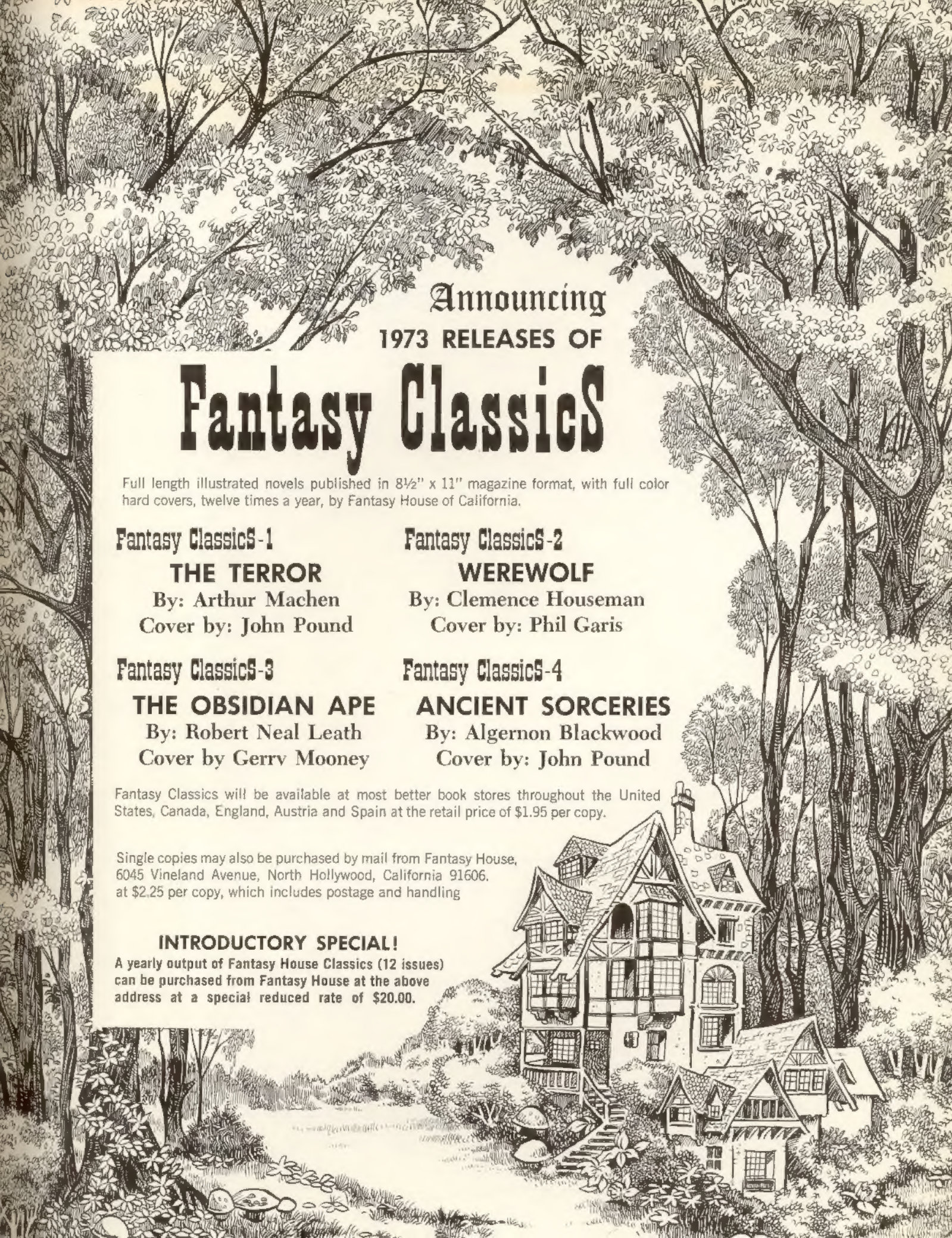
NOTES TO SOLVING THIS MAZE: Don't wreck the book, dummy.
Put some tracing paper over it, and good luck



STUMP YOUR FRIENDS: *Additional "GRAND CENTRAL MIND STATIONS" are available at 10 Copies for $1.00*


BUT MA... I HATE DADDY'S GUTS!!
SHUT UP AND KEEP EATING!!


DAWG DOO FUNNIES
HELP!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE HERE!!
HELP! HELP ME!
WELL GOSH DARN!
THAT POOPOO! IT'S TALKING!
HELP, HELP!
SNORT!!
WELP! IT'S A POOPOO, ALRIGHT!
HEY! I'LL BET THERE'S A LITTLE MAN IN THERE TRYIN' TO GET OUT!!
HELP
HELP ME
OBOY! WHAT IF IT IS? A MAN! A LITTLE MAN!! MY DISCOVERY! I'LL BE FAMOUS! AN', AN'...
RIP RIP TEAR OPEN
AN' HE..., WHA-!! A MINIATURE TAPE RECORDER?
WIRR HALP BZZ-
DARN IT!
HALP BZZ
END.
DAVID COULSON



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Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Infamous Funnies #1

Published 1973
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Fantasy House
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48 pages
Printrun of ? copies
8 1/2" x 10 7/8"
ISBN:

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3 - Credits
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14 - Look George, Food
17 - The Prophet
18 - The Fantastic Art of Charles Momberger
22 - Death Walks By Night
24 - Zoltan, The Destroyer
26 - Canine Comix
34 - The Fez Kid
34 - Ink Higgins
35 - Flip Foot Floogie
36 - Bopper Bill
38 - The Practical Joker
39 - The Prophet
40 - Flash Foegart
41 - Buell-Bah
42 - A Letter To The Editor
43 - Fantasy House (Ad)
44 - Grand Central Mind Station
45 - But Ma...
46 - Dog Doo Funnies
47 - Fantasy Classics (Ad)

Artists:

Gerry Mooney - 1, 48
Dave Weiss (="Judas") - 1(c), 17, 24-25(color separation), 39, 45, 48(c)
John M. Pound - 2-3, 12-13, 26-33
Larry Rippee - 4, 34, 38, 41
Arthur J. Burks - 5-11(s)
Vincent Marchesano - 5-11(a), 14-16(a), 24-25(a)
Frances McCrone - 14-16(s)
Charles Momberger - 18-21
? - 22-23
George Henderson - 24-25(s)
Jay Jay - 24-25(l)
Joe Benintende - 35-37, 40
? - 43
Artie Edward Romero - 44
David Coulson - 46

Comments:

Fanzine-ish.